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ANSWER

TO

Dagons Fall ;

OR THE

KNIGHT turned out of COMMISSION:

Being a

VINDICATION of Sir *W. Waller*

Printed. 15. May. 1680.

HE that lately writ the Fall of *Dagon*,
Is a rigid Papist, or a Pagan.
But over-ruling Providence, that must
With humane Projects play, as Wind with Dust,
From whose all-seeing Eye no Clandestine
Plots or Conspiracies, to undermine
Prince, Church or State, there's none so well can hide,
The Pope himself with all his Pomp and Pride
Must Truckle under it; that mighty Power
Will pull those down that now so highly Tower,
And convert their now all sweets to sour.
What Joy, the nothing-understanding Rout,
What Laughing, what Rejoycing, how they flout
And keep a Jubilee now *Waller's* out?
O ! How they mock, they scorn, and do deride
That worthy Justice that's now laid aside,
The Priests do Daunce and skip like Fairy Elves,
And could for Joy ev'n half hang themselves :

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Our

Our Copes, our Beads, our Books, says Father *Rafe*,
 Yea, and our selves too, now he's out, are safe;
 We sleep secure, and walk now where we please
 Since brave Sir *William* had a Writ of Ease,
 Their Party's weakned, ours is much stronger,
 Our old Gouty Pope looks ten years younger,
 And though he scarce can crawl, ready to Jump,
 Ha, ha, quoth he, I see Knaves will be Trump:
 I'll play my Game with these, and do not doubt
 But I shall bring this great Design about.
 I'll Saddle this dull Ass, and if I get on,
 How I will Ride the resty Jade *Great-Brittain*;
 The *Peter-pence*, that were my former Fees,
 Pardons for Sins, and all such Cheats as these,
 They shall not serve their turn, I do divine,
 That all their Chimney-Money shall be mine,
 It was my former Right, and they shall know it,
 Their ancient Records do plainly shew it.
 The Church-Lands too, that *Harry*, out of hate,
 Did from the See of *Rome* Alienate,
 Shall all be mine, I see the Game's my own,
 I've pack'd the Cards, and well my Dice have thrown,
 The Lords who acted for me, now i'th' *Tower*,
 Think it no Prison, it's a pleasant Bowre.
 The Stage Erected for to try them on,
 Is a fine thing for Boys to Play upon
 At Hide and Seek, since the great Rod's flung by
 We must bestir our Stumps, for if they Dye,
 One may discover what *Cabal* and I
 So long have Plotted, and perhaps put by.
 We were in Danger once but found a Trick,
 And took off Justice *Godfrey* just i'th' Nick,
 Who thought to have given us all a mortal Kick,
 The Parliament streight took the Quarrel up,
 And they made some to taste the Bitter Cup

Of Martyrdom, for *Coleman* and some more,
 I think in number almost half a score,
 Were hang'd at *Tyburn*: But I was the Cause
 To dull their edge; and put a stop to Laws
 They were a making; and resolv'd to try
 Whether those Country Clowns should Rule, or I.
 I lately set some desperate Ruffians on
 To murder *Arnold*, pity 'twas not done:
 But this I dare almost be bold to swear,
 It will possess the rest with such a fear,
 That scarce one Justice throughout all the Nation
 Will dare to seize, or take Examination
 Of any Priest that I shall send abroad;
 The Coast is clear and open lies our Road.
 Their Ships of War though they are numerous,
 Laid all in Dock, scarce one will oppose us;
 Their Sea-Port Towns, I must confess are strong,
 I know my Emmissaries ere't be long,
 Will clear me of that doubt; though they have Guns
 They shall want Powder, fight no more than Nuns.
 There are but few that do the Land defend,
 Cut off their Heads, and then there is an end
 Of their Allegiance; for still want of Pay;
 With Men of Fortune, will bear all the Sway;
 When that's once done we need not doubt the day.
 Of the whole Alphabet I use only three Letters,
 A. B. C. that Charm shall bring in Fetters.
 Who soon will Rock and closely lay to sleep
 Those *Argus*-Eyes, whose Vigilance should keep
 A Guard by Land, and well secure the Deep.
 By unseen Arts when that is brought to pass
 Let no man call fly *Pontifex*, an Ass.

But now, Sir Pope, you do believe you're fixt,
 Remember *Alexander*, Pope the sixt;
 Who laid his Plot as cunningly as yours,
 And yet was baffled by O're-ruling Powers,

And

And *Borgia* his Son, who could not miss,
 A Principality would sure be his,
 As he did boast to the wise *Florentine*;
 Both disappointed by a Glass of Wine.
 You do cry down the Nations surest Friends,
 And blame all that dare oppose your Ends;
 And makes your dayly business for to Ring
 The Funeral Knell of those brought in the King.
 But on firm Basis still old *England* stands,
 Defying all your Heads and all your Hands.
 By generous Courage she was ne're forfook,
 When wiser Foes her Ruine undertook.
 And now to make her Truckle can ye hope
 To self-will'd Fops, and an old Doting Pope?
Andronicus, who most unfortunate,
 Murdered his Nephew thinking to Instate
 Himself i'th Throne, gain'd but the Peoples hate;
 And what was th' end of his great Pollicy;
 Hung by the Heels this Emperour did dye
 Upon a Gallows, when all that saw't did cry,
 He well deserv'd that sad Catastrophy.
 You ne're shall make us stoop to th' See of *Rome*,
 We'l keep our Laws, and Lands, and Heaven's Doom,
 Spight of your Arts and Plots shall surely come.

FINIS.
